

ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU



VAMPI
#20
OCT. 1972

VAMPIRELLA

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VAMPIRIS FEARY TALES

MATRIMONIAL MURDERER

WIFE BELLE GANNERS A SHORT 250-POUND WOMAN WITH A HAUNT MOOR AND SEVERAL SITS OF CAME, RECEIVED QUOTE PROBABLY JOHN HOOB HUSBAND'S DEATH "EVEN A MEAT CLAMBER FELL ON THE POOR MAN'S HEAD"...

PURCHASING A SMALL PLOT OF LAND OUTSIDE OF TOWN AFTER THE FEDERAL, SHE DRINKED HOOB ALWAYS CONTINUED IN BLOOD--HYMAN CONGRUALLY AND AFRON, 446 OFTEN COMPLAINED THAT CARING FOR THREE CHILDREN REQUIRED THE BUTCHERING OF MANY HOOB...



THEN, ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 28, NOW A FIRE EIZED THE WIDOW'S SMALL HOME, THE CHAOSER BRANCHES OF A HEADLESS WOMAN AND THREE CHILDREN WERE DISCOVERED IN THE GANNERS, THE COUNTY CORONER, HOWEVER, TESTIFIED THAT THE FEMALE CORPSE COULD NOT HAVE BEEN THE GOSSE BELLE GANNERS, SINCE THE BODY WAS THAT OF A WOMAN WHO WEIGHED LESS THAN 150 POUNDS...



THE GOSSE CASE WAS ABOUT TO BE CLOVED WHEN A STRANGER APPEARED, HE WAS SEEKING THE WHEREABOUTS OF HIS BROTHER WHO, HE CLAIMED, HAD WED THE WIDOW GANNERS SOME THREE MONTHS PREVIOUS, PRESENTING CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN BELLE AND HIS BROTHER TO THE SHERIFF, IT WAS REVEALED THAT THE WIDOW HAD REQUESTED FOR PROSPECTIVE HUSBAND TO BRING \$1500 TO CLEAR THE WIDOW'S ACTUALS WHEREUPON THEY WOULD BE MARRIED, AND ALTHOUGH THE STRANGER CLAIMED HIS BROTHER HAD COMPLIED WITH BELLE'S REQUEST, NO WIDOWS HAD BEEN PERFORMED IN THE TOWN WITHIN A YEAR--MUCH LESS WITH THE BROTHERLESS WIDOW GANNERS AS THE BRIDE...

INVESTIGATING THE MYSTERY, THE SHERIFF LOCATED A HOOB PIT BENEATH THE WIDOW'S HOOB-PEN WHICH CONTAINED THE DISAMBERED REMAINS OF 44 MEN. BELLE GANNERS HAD PLACED MATRIMONIAL WANT-ADS IN PAPERS ACROSS THE COUNTRY, LURING LONG-SICK MEN AND THEIR MONEY TO HER PLACE, POISONING THEM WITH LACED AFTER-DINNER COFFEES, SHE HAD BLEPPOWED THREE HOOBS IN WITH A SALLFOON HAMMER AND DISSECTED THEM IN THE PIT AT HER LUNGE, DISPOSITION OF THE BODIES (AND EVIDENCE) UNDER THE PORTHINGS OF HOOB-BUTCHERING, BELLE WAS ABLE TO KEEP THE KILLED GOSSES' MONEY, A TOTAL OF \$50,000 WAS WALKED FROM THE 44 MEN--WHERE LORON BELLE SET THE FIRE WHICH KILLED HER CHILDREN AND FLED WITH HER ILL-GOTTEN PORTUNE, THE DEADLESS WOMAN'S BODY WAS IDENTIFIED AS A MAN WHO HAD DISCOVERED BELLE'S NEIGHBORHOOD CUBES, BUT THE MATRIMONIAL MARR--MYSTERIOUS WAS NEVER FOUND...



BEEN CHECKING THE MATRIMONIAL ADS IN YOUR LOCAL PAPER LATELY? NUMBER, IF YOU SEE ONE IN WHICH A FAT SINGLE WOMAN IS LOOKING FOR A DOKNY HUSBAND, BE CAREFUL, IT MAY BE BELLE LOOKING FOR HER NEXT VICTIM!





OUR COVER:
 Adult Luis Dominguez poses a beautiful woman before the one who sees. Journal from the story Vengeance, Brother, Vengeance. Page 62

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VAMPIRELLA

CONTENTS **ISSUE No. 20** OCTOBER 1972

4 SCARLET LETTERS "You really ought to run for President, VAMPI!" writes reader Steve Reade. "You are intelligent, liberal, and best of all, very good looking."

6 WHEN WAKES THE DEAD The continuing adventures of VAMPIRELLA in her pose as Miss Ella Normandy, psychic researcher to the Van Helsing brothers in the early 19th Century.

20 GENDER BENDER A fantastic tale of that private world of the Id, that part of the human brain where the forces of life and death wage constant battle for supremacy.

31 VAMPI'S BOOK REVIEWS Top Vampirella critic Chuck McNaughton reviews The Phantom, Prince Valiant, and Ghost Stories in a new column for VAMPI literature buffs!

32 LOVE IS NO GAME Dorothy wanted John, but she didn't know how to go about getting him. Once he began to dig her, she wanted only to know how to get out of her grave situation.

38 EYE OPENER Sol wandered a little too far afield, and stumbled upon a haunted house! You might say his eyes popped out at what he saw!

60 VAMPI'S FLAMES Profile of writer Greg Potter plus a spine-chilling terror trove of Fan stories, including one titled, "The Safe" about a not-so-loving couple.

62 VENGEANCE, BROTHER, VENGEANCE! Walk the narrow byways of the distant past with brother Furlon as he carries a vessel of snake's venom and goatswain. Beware your footing.



"I was dreaming when I read Vampirella!"

It's ironic that as chauvinistic as a magazine as yours can become up with useful ideas for radical women liberationists like myself. I'm referring to "A Man's World" in VAMPIRELLA #17. My sisters and I find a carnivalesque solution to the male/female conflict the most witting of all. Some of you well-read chauvinists who run VAMPIRELLA could be the first on the menu. And if VAMPIRELLA were a real female, she might agree.

DEBBY & KATHY
Burbank, Calif.

I prefer cleavage to cleavers.

Although VAMPIRELLA #17 was for the most part quite well done, I must say that I found "A Man's World" truly distasteful. It's not that I have a particularly weak stomach or anything like that; it's just that it seems to me you could have found something far less gruesome and far more enjoyable than "A Man's World." The kind of people who find that sort of thing appealing should not be allowed to run around loose.

T.M.
Lynbrook, N.Y.

Even though VAMPIRELLA #17 was a bit gloomy, I must say that "Lover of the Bayou" was quite a trip! Fantastic!

FRED GORK
Redwood City, Calif.

What's this I've been reading about the Aurora VAMPIRELLA model kit being corrupt? This is all out of proportion! A Dear Abby newspaper column claimed the kits come with a free beaker of blood! Either this is an absurd lie or I was cheated! Another article claimed that torture chambers teach children murder is a fun game.

SAM L. IRVIN JR.
Asheville, N.C.

When we originally licensed Aurora to produce VAMPIRELLA Hobby Kits, we had no idea they were going to portray her as someone who "tortured" victims. We're glad that Aurora had discontinued this bad image of our favorite lady.—Ed.

"Lover of the Bayou" in VAMPIRELLA #17 was stupid but the art was fantastic. What do you have against women's lib? Maybe a few of the ladies eat live mad dogs but their claims are justified. VAMPIRELLA has got to be the best comic heroine ever! Instead of being a sexcrazed nothing, VAMPI has an element of evil about her. Any-one over eight years old gets tired of Lois Lane types.

DANIELLE BROWN
Salt Lake City, Utah

VAMPIRELLA, you're the spookiest vampress I've ever set eyes on! Never mind the mushy stuff however. This is in response to Jerome Holt's letter in VAMPIRELLA #17. (Reader: Holt wrote that VAMPI should be more style conscious & occasionally change costumes—ed.) Personally, I think you're perfect just the way you are.

BELA L. LOVAS
Dolton, Ill.

Enrich is fantastic! I like his work more than Frazetta's. Even my Art teacher was impressed by Enrich's cover of VAMPIRELLA #17.

JAMES CUELLAR
Pico Rivera, Calif.

VAMPIRELLA ought to return to Drakulon in a future adventure. Adam Van Helsing should accompany her if he really loves her. I don't know, of course, but the sound of the mad God, Chaos strikes me as funny. Wish your writer would change it as it reminds me of Chaos on TV's "Get Smart."

DAVID TOMS
Washington Crossing, Pa.



Is the shadowy world of the Dreamlayer ("Beware, Dreamers!")—VAMPIRELLA #17. Adam Van Helsing became victim to VAMPIRELLA's bloodlust. Writer: Gardner, Calif. reader JERRY AUSTIN. The VAMPIRELLA story in VAMPIRELLA #17 was like a dream.

You really ought to run for President, VAMPI. You are intelligent, liberal, and best of all, very good looking. However, I wouldn't want the Presidency to interfere with your present occupation as heroine of the VAMPIRELLA series. My favorite authors of all time are J.R.R. Tolkien, Bram Stoker, and Ovid. Your magazine seems to contain a mixture of all three. Especially enjoy the use of mythology in VAMPIRELLA.

STEVE READE
Eugene, Oregon

Enrich deserves a gold medal for his cover of VAMPIRELLA #17. Yours is the best magazine going. VAMPI Enrich is second best and Creepy, well, what can I say? "Lover of the Bayou" was out-asight!

CRAIG MCPHERSON
Lachute, Canada

Unfortunately I don't share the enthusiasm most of your readers have for VAMPIRELLA. Mind you, I still buy at least two copies of each issue but only to keep up my collection. Lately I think the artwork's taken a nose-dive. The last truly outstanding issue of VAMPIRELLA was #12. You've replaced the artistic geniuses of issues past with good but not great artists. Only Jose Ben and Luis Garcia do work that I would call noticeable. The only decent story in VAMPIRELLA #17 was "A Man's World." It had the kind of relevance we've been waiting for.

GARY KIMBER
Ontario, Canada

Of all the Warren magazines, VAMPIRELLA is the best! You're much better than Sleepy and Weary. Especially loved "Beware, Dreamers!" in VAMPIRELLA #17. Anytime you need blood, feel free to put the bite on me.

MICHAEL B. COLE
Great Neck, N.Y.

Here's a rundown on what I thought of VAMPIRELLA #17. Overall, I'd rate it an A, but I'm not grading it overall, but rather story by story. "Beware, Dreamers!" has to be one of the greatest VAMPIRELLA stories yet! "Horus" was dull and unexciting. "Deaths in the Shadows" tied for second place with "A Man's World." Both stories were awfully good. "Lover of the Bayou" gets third place. I'd rate "The Wedding Ring" on par with "Horus." I hope there are at least a million issues of VAMPIRELLA to come.

JOHN VANDEGRIFT
Harrisburg, Pa.

Is that all?

VAMPIRELLA #17 was magnificent. Enrich's cover was superb. He is one of your very best cover artists. Top story was "A Man's World." The way those women prepared dinner was mind-blowing. Glad to see you have a Fun Club. VAMPIRELLA, I've been waiting for one a long time.

JOCK MORGAN
Pooltown, N.C.

Just recently purchased my first VAMPIRELLA #17, and have devoured it from cover to cover. I was most impressed with the writing and the artwork. One question—Are you a policeman from the planet Drakulon? I got the impression you are but don't know for sure. Keep up the good work and tell old skin-head and Pudgy Pass to eat their hearts out. Incidentally, I'm not kid. I am a 26-year-old Vietnam veteran who digs VAMPIRELLA.

RICHARD D. CHAPMAN
Palo Verde, Calif.

Thanks for your sentiments, Richard. Sorry, but I'm not a police-woman from the planet, Drakulon. At least not yet.



"I can't keep my fangs clean!"

I collect *Eerie* and *Famous Monsters of Filmland*. For all I care, *Crespy* can go jump in a lake (bought my first *VAMPIRELLA* #17, today and the only thing I can say is that it was fantastic. Luis Garcia's artwork on "Death in the Shadows" was beautiful. Best stories in the issue were "Beware, Dreamers!" and "Horus."

HENRY ZUGARO
Elmont, N.Y.

The highlight of *VAMPIRELLA* #17 was "A Man's World." Here was a truly phenomenal story by a new writer, Mike Jennings and Jose Bea's artwork was more than appropriate to the story content. Kraatz' characterization, continuing as it did throughout the story, was a rare and pleasing sideline. I see that the Bea was taken enough by Kraatz's resemblance to *VAMPIRELLA* in panel 2, page 43, that he decided to pattern her after *VAMPI* for the remainder of the story. That was really cute and made "A Man's World" even better. Aurelio's work on the *VAMPI*'s Fairy Tales feature was beautiful. A beautiful, beautiful cover by Enrich. Even though I was a bit disappointed that *VAMPIRELLA* wasn't on the cover. For obvious reasons, *VAMPIRELLA* should always be the cover subject.

E.W. FLEISCH
Wyckoff, N.J.

No way did I expect the ending of "Beware, Dreamers!" in *VAMPIRELLA* #17. Loved the story of "Horus" but wasn't terribly impressed by Mercedes' artwork. "A Man's World" was perfect and rates best story of the issue. Enjoyed "Lover of the Beldam" but didn't much care for "The Wedding Ring." The ending was more than obvious. Soon, *VAMPIRELLA* will have another member in her Fan Club. Namely, me!

DON FORD
Bowie, Texas

Noticed in the last panel on p 37 of *VAMPIRELLA* #17 that Melissa's father was clearly visible in the rear view mirror. Vampire's don't reflect in mirrors, *VAMPI*. I happen to know this for a fact because every evening I get up to brush my fangs, I can't see them.

DAVID JENKINS
Calgary, Canada

"Oops! Sorry about that Dave. Except for your toothsome troubles in front of the mirror, you have 20-20 vision."

Talk about shock endings! "Horus" and "Death in the Shadows" in *VAMPIRELLA* #17 were real shockers. I regret to say there was only one blamish in the entire issue and that was two panels in "A Man's World" in panel 2 on page 47 and panel 2, page 49. Artist Jose M. Bea drew Kraatz's profile to resemble *VAMPIRELLA*. Rather than use the artist's talent to portray that sick-minded humpie I'm really pleased that you finally have a Fan Club, *VAMPI*. My membership is in the mail already. As for that letter page comment that *VAMPIRELLA* is "just a figment for male chauvinism," I say that reader should be excited to the dreaded "nether void" for eternity to suffer a fate a thousand times worse than that of poor Norte in "Beware, Dreamers!"

CRAIG CARTER
San Francisco, Calif.

VAMPIRELLA #17 was both well-written and beautifully drawn. As for the criticism that *VAMPIRELLA* is going the true love story route, who ever heard of a love story being called "Death in the Shadows?"

ALAN ALSUP
Maitland, Fla.

"Death in the Shadows" in *VAMPIRELLA* #17 is one of the best vampire epics I've yet come across.

ARMIN QUAST
Edmonton, Canada

VAMPIRELLA FAN CLUB

A million readers asked for it! And here it is! The all new **VAMPIRELLA FAN CLUB** with membership, you get a beautiful Vampirella Official Fan Letter Magazine, 12 issues (bonus mail, but quantity AND the Official Membership Card!

VAMPIRELLA FAN CLUB
P.O. Box 430
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Dear Vampir-
Enclosed is my \$2.00.
NAME _____
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INSIDE 20

Continuing the 19th Century *VAMPIRELLA* epic begun in *VAMPIRELLA* #19 ("Shadow of Dracula"), writer T. Casey Brown returns us to this time of the first Van Helsing, doctors Abraham & Bess, as they pursue their search and destroy mission against the cult of vampirism in "Whun Whikes the Cold," beginning on page 6.

Buldas studying Bram Stoker's novel of "Dracula," before scripting "Shadow of Dracula" and this issue's "Whun Whikes the Cold." Brennan also stood at the two-page *Crespy* Dracula spectacular, "The Court of Dracula" (*Crespy* #81 & 95) written by Archie Goodwin and illustrated by Reed Crandall (reprinted in *Crespy* Special Issue #48).

"Gender Bender" on p 20 is the third "Tomb of the Gods" tale to appear in *VAMPIRELLA*. Written and illustrated by "Dax" art of Esteban Merello, the series bids fair to rival *VAMPIRELLA*'s herself. Visit the strange and gifted worlds of Merello where mythic legend holds sway and fantasy guides the helm.

The issue is host to a new and welcome artist, Luis Dominguez, who did both the cover and the cover story, "Vengeance, Brother, Vengeance" on page 62.



"Vengeance, Brother, Vengeance" illustrator and cover artist, Luis Dominguez... A New Warren start

Writer Steve Skeates (pronounced Skeates, like a roller) is back this issue with another of his mind-benders. His "Love is No Game," page 32, is a superbly crafted piece rendered by a comic illustrator, acclaimed around the world, Luis Garcia.

And with artist Aurelio rounding out the ball with "Eye-Open," a story which will definitely make your eyes pop, we have yet another issue with a lineup of talent destined to make comics history.

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY A MAN'S WORLD!

Cause of much letter page comment the issue of the story is "A Man's World" from *VAMPIRELLA* #17. Author Mike Jennings gives his reasons for writing the piece.

"I meant the story from the viewpoint of an unapologetic male chauvinist, observing the more emasculatory aspects of Women's Lib, carried to an illogical, but not impossible, extreme. It is, at best, poor reasoning to confuse normal masculine pride with rabid chauvinism, but it is good propaganda because if you say it loud enough and loud enough the suckers will believe it. I use quotes to describe myself as a male chauvinist, for I am such only to those who refuse to recognize the inherent and totally wholesome differences between men and women, psychological as well as physical. My thesis is that my tampering with nature must have catastrophic consequences. There is no inequality in the fact that traditionally men serve women as their protectors and providers, and women serve men as their comforters and companions in 'A Man's World,' the female chauvinists in the true sense of the term have achieved their ambition. They serve men, but only as a main course."

YOU ARE UNDER MY SPELL!

Your will is my will. You must do as I command. Make sure you have writing paper. Get yourself a writing instrument of some kind. Be seated. Now, put pencil to paper & write *VAMPIRELLA*! Address all letters to:

SCARLET LETTERS
c/o Warren Publishing Co.
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016



THE TIME IS THE LATE 19TH CENTURY, THE PLACE, THE MANSION OF BORIS AND ABRAHAM VAN HELSING, FORBEARS OF THE MODERN VAN HELSINGS, TWO BROTHERS UNITED IN THE TURN OF THE CENTURY BATTLE TO DESTROY THE VAMPIRE DRACULA. NEXT TO THEM, THEIR LABORATORY ASSISTANT, A GIRL FROM THE STARS POSING AS MISS ELLA NORMANDY, A GIRL KNOWN BETTER, AS...

VAMPIRELLA

ONE CAN STILL SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE WAS, POOR LUCY VICTIM TO THE BEAST DRACULA! NOW ONE OF THE UNDEAD.*

YET ANOTHER CURSED BY THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE! IF THE DOCTORS VAN HELSING ONLY KNEW THAT ANOTHER, NOT UNLIKE DRACULA, STANDS AMONG THEM... SENT HERE BY THEIR DESCENDANTS CONRAD AND ADAM VAN HELSING. OH, ADAM IF ONLY THIS WORKS. IF ONLY WE CAN FIND THE CURE FOR VAMPIRISM IN THIS TIME, I CAN RETURN TO YOU CURED.*

BEFORE THEM LIES THE PERFECTLY PRESERVED BODY OF LUCY WESTENRA, AN EARLY VICTIM OF THE MONSTER, CALLED DRACULA, IN 1897, THE FIRST VAN HELSINGS, THE DOCTORS BORIS AND ABRAHAM, WERE ON THE VERGE OF DISCOVERING A CURE FOR VAMPIRISM, SENT BACK IN TIME THROUGH CONRAD VAN HELSING'S POWERS OF WHITE WITCHCRAFT, VAMPIRELLA JOINED THEM IN THEIR FIGHT, SO TOO DOES DRACULA WHO WAITS EVEN NOW, BORN IN TIME, WRESTLING WITH THE AGE-OLD CONFLICT IN HIS SOUL, ENKINDLED ANEW BY THE CONJURESS.

*SEE "SHADOW OF DRACULA" -- VAMPIRELLA #19



HER BODY IS PERFECTLY PRESERVED, AS WE HOPED IT WOULD BE!

IT IS NOT SO UNCOMMON, FOR ONE WHO ONCE LIVED AS A VAMPIRE!



HOW STRANGE IT IS TO CALL HER BY THAT WORD! DEAR LUCY—IF ONLY YOU COULD HAVE KNOWN HER BEFORE SHE BECAME THE BLOODTHIRSTING CREATURE YOU SEE HERE!



THE CREATURE I WAS FORCED TO KILL!



YOU HAD NO CHOICE: FORGET THE PAST, AND PREPARE YOURSELF FOR WHAT IS TO COME! FOR THIS VERY NIGHT, IF WE ARE SUCCESSFUL, THE LUCY YOU KNEW WILL BE REBORN!

IF ONLY I COULD HELP THEM! A COUPLE VIALS OF THE BLOOD SUBSTITUTE SERUM I USE MIGHT BE INVALUABLE TO THEM! BUT HOW COULD I EXPLAIN HOW I HAPPEN TO HAVE IT? HMM...



AND WHEN NIGHT FALLS...

THE EXPERIMENT IS ABOUT TO BEGIN, COUNT, YOU'LL BE LATE! OR WOULD YOU RATHER NOT JOIN US? IS IT THE BLOOD THAT BOTHERS YOU—OR THE STAKE?

I SEE NO NEED TO DEFEND MYSELF TO YOU, YOUNG MAN!

I DO DREAD THIS EXPERIMENT BUT NOT FOR EITHER OF THOSE REASONS! WHAT I FEAR IS MY OWN GUILT. I FEAR TO LOOK UPON THE CORPSE OF THE WOMAN WHOSE DEATH I CAUSED!



SOON...

WHEN WE REMOVE THE STAKE, COUNT, SHE WILL BECOME A LIVING VAMPIRE! THAT'S WHY, FOR PROTECTION, WE CARRY THESE...





WHEN WAKES THE DEAD

A SECOND INJECTION, BUT WASN'T THAT OUR ANTI-VAMPIRISM SERUM THAT YOU JUST GAVE HER?

YES! BUT THANKS TO COUNT DRACULA, WE HAVE A **BLOOD SUBSTITUTE** SERUM AS WELL TO HELP HER REGAIN HER STRENGTH! THIS COUNT DISCOVERED IT AND GAVE IT TO ME ONLY THIS MORNING! I TOLD YOU HIS SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE WOULD PROVE INVALUABLE!

IT'S WORKING! THE COLOR IS RETURNING TO HER CHEEKS!

IT'S REALLY MY BLOOD SUBSTITUTE SERUM, BUT I HAD TO LET DRACULA TAKE THE CREDIT--THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE A LOWLY LABORATORY ASSISTANT DISCOVERED IT!

IT DID WORK, AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, THE GIRL WHO HAD ONCE SLEPT IN THE COLD EARTH NOW WALKED UPON IT, ALWAYS AT HER SIDE WAS THE MAN WHO HAD BECOME HER FAITHFUL PROTECTOR, COUNT DRACULA...

YOU ARE SO KIND, COUNT! SO VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE DRACULA I KNEW!

SHE MUST NEVER KNOW I AM THAT SAME DRACULA! AND YET--I SEEM TORN BY THIS INNER URGE TO TELL HER! TO BARE MY SOUL TO CONFESS THAT IT WAS I WHO CAUSED HER MISERY AND HER DEATH!

AND IF I DID, WOULD HER SMILE STAY AS SWEET? COULD EVEN ONE AS GENTLE AS SHE, FORGIVE ME FOR WHAT I HAVE DONE? THE SINS OF A CENTURY PAST RETURN TO HAUNT ME NOW--AS I REMEMBER HOW SWEET HER KISSES WERE WHEN I FIRST DECEIVED HER! SHE WAS AS TRUSTING THEN AS NOW--AND WHEN MY KISS BECAME THE KISS OF DEATH, SHE BARELY STRUGGLED, UNABLE TO BELIEVE WHAT WAS TRANS-PIRING... HOW COULD I HAVE DONE THAT TO HER? EVEN UNDER THE SPELL OF CHADS, HOW COULD I?

HE LOOKS AFTER HER VERY WELL! PERHAPS I WAS WRONG ABOUT HIM AFTER ALL! HE DOES NOT SHUN THE DAYLIGHT... NOR FEAR THE CROSS... YET... SOMEHOW I FEEL HE DOES BEAR, WATCHING!

BUT AS NIGHT FALLS...



INDEED IT IS-- BUT YOU MUST BE TIRED! I SHALL SEE YOU TO YOUR ROOM!

THE BLOODLUST! IT RETURNS--AND EACH NIGHT IT GROWS WORSE! HOW LONG CAN I HOLD BACK THESE URGES WITHIN ME?





ORACULA--
WHAT'S
WRONG?



IT - IT'S
NOTHING! IT'S
JUST THAT IT'S
BEGINNING LATE, AND
I THOUGHT I SHOULD
GO! GOOD NIGHT,
DARLING!

REMARKABLE THE PROGRESS
SHE'S MAKING--THANKS TO YOU!
THE ANTI-VAMPIRISM SERUM I
DISCOVERED COULD NEVER HAVE
DONE THE TRICK ALONE! IT WAS
YOUR **BLOOD SUBSTITUTE
SERUM** THAT KEPT HER ALIVE!
NOW, OF COURSE, HER BODY
MANUFACTURES ITS OWN BLOOD.
NORMALLY, WE ARE ALL
VERY GRATEFUL, COUNT
ORACULA!

THAT'S IT!
THE BLOOD
SUBSTITUTE
SERUM THAT
VAMPIRELLA TAKES!
IT CAN CURB MY
BLOODLUST!



NO! I WON'T
LET IT HAPPEN
AGAIN!



GOOD
EVENING, COUNT!
YOU'VE JUST BEEN
WITH LUCK I
PRESUME!

WHAT?
OH--YES.

AND IN THE ROOM OF THE GIRL WHO CALLS
HERSELF RULA NORMANDY...



CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING
THAT SOMETHING'S GOING TO
HAPPEN TONIGHT! IN MY
DRAKULONIAN GARS, I'LL
BE BETTER PREPARED
IF TROUBLE DOES
COME! WHAT--
WHAT'S THAT?



DRACULA!



VAMPIRELLA! I NEED YOUR HELP! I VERY NEARLY KILLED LUCY WESTENRA TONIGHT-- FOR THE SECOND TIME! YOUR SERUM-- IT CAN HELP ME! I MUST HAVE IT!

I NEED THAT SERUM TOO! I THOUGHT I'D BROUGHT ENOUGH-- BUT THE VAMPS THEY USED ON LUCY DOWNDLED MY SUPPLY! I NOW HAVE ONLY THREE VIALS LEFT-- AND I MUST DRINK ONE EVERY TWENTY FOUR HOURS OR FIND A HUMAN SUPPLY!



VAMPIRELLA PLEASE!

BUT IF I DON'T GIVE HIM ONE, LUCY WESTENRA MAY DIE TONIGHT!

ALL RIGHT! JUST A MOMENT!



THE CONJURESS?!



THEN THE GODDESS FROM THE STARS WINGED AS QUICKLY AS SHE CAME...

SHE'S RIGHT! IT DIDN'T WORK! I FEEL THE LONGING FOR BLOOD MORE THAN EVER NOW!

AND MY PRECIOUS SERUM IS WASTED-- SERUM THAT I DO NEED TO STAY ALIVE! TWO VIALS LEFT NOW-- ONE FOR TONIGHT, ONE FOR TOMORROW! THEN... I FIND A WOMAN OR DIE!

IT IS IN KAIN, DRACULA! THAT SERUM WILL NOT CURE YOUR BLOODLUST! MY POWERS KEEP YOU ALIVE! IT IS NOT YOUR BODY WHICH CRAVES BLOOD, BUT YOUR WRETCHED SOUL! IT IS THE EVIL THAT STILL LURKS THERE THAT CAUSES YOUR ANGER-- EVIL NO MERE SERUM CAN QUENCH!

* FIRST SEEN IN "DRACULA STILL LIVES" *** VAMPIRELLA # 18

WHEN DRACULA HAS LEFT, VAMPIRELLA IS ALONE WITH HER. OH MY MISERY...

HERE GOES!
NOW THERE IS BUT
ONE LEFT!

ELSEWHERE IN THE MANSION, MINA HARKER RISES AS HER HUSBAND SLEEPS...

IT'S PROBABLY
FOOLISH, BUT I
SOMEHOW SENSE THAT
LUCY IS IN GRAVE
DANGER! IT WON'T
HURT TO LOOK IN ON
HER, JUST TO EASE
MY MIND!

I'M SORRY!
I DON'T MEAN TO
WAKE YOU! IT'S JUST
THAT I WAS WORRIED
ABOUT YOU!

THAT'S VERY SWEET
OF YOU, MINA! BUT THERE'S
NO NEED TO WORRY—NOT
WITH DRACULA LOOKING
AFTER ME!

I'M SO GLAD
YOU'RE HAPPY AGAIN,
LUCY! I'LL LET YOU GO
BACK TO SLEEP NOW!
GOOD NIGHT!

THANK YOU
FOR WORRYING
ABOUT ME!
GOOD NIGHT!



MINA'S SCREAMS ECHO THROUGH THE MANSION AND...



THE SCREAMS HAVE ALERTED THE OTHERS IN THE MANSION, AND...



MINA!
MINA!

IT'S COUNT
DRACULA! HE'S--

A VAMPIRE!

I BELIEVE NOW THAT
THIS IS THE SAME DRACULA
WE FOUGHT! IF SO, HE IS
WANTED FOR CRIMES IN LONDON!
I SHALL WRITE SCOTLAND YARD
AND SEE IF IT IS POSSIBLE TO
HAVE HIM EXTRADITED, TO
STAND TRIAL THERE, AS ANY
OTHER CRIMINAL!

ABRAHAM IS
RIGHT, JONATHAN!
WE ARE JUST MEN--
NOT MONSTERS AS
DRACULA IS!



SHE'S ALIVE! OH MY POOR
DARLING-- TO SUFFER
THROUGH THIS AGAIN!

LUCY-- LUCY
SAVED ME! SHE HEARD
MY SCREAMS AND
DRACULA LET GO
OF ME!

POOR, LUCY--
THE SHOCK MUST
HAVE KILLED
HER!



I SAY WE PUT
A STAKE THROUGH
HIS HEART!

NO, JONATHAN!
TO DRIVE A STAKE
THROUGH THE
HEART OF A
DECAYING CORPSE--
THAT IS ONE THING!
BUT DO IT TO A
LIVING MAN, WHO IS
SOMEHOW A VAMPIRE
AS WELL, THAT IS
MURDER!

AND WHEN
THEY ARE
GONE...



IF THEY HAD BROUGHT
THE STAKE, I WOULD HAVE
WELCOMED IT! WHAT DOES
IT MATTER, NOW? WHAT THEY
DO TO ME! THE GIRL I
LOVE IS DEAD, BY MY
HAND! ALL THE SUFFERING
I CAUSED HER, BEFORE--
I SWORE I WOULD UNDO!
NOW, I HAVE KILLED HER
INSTEAD, I AWAIT THE FATE
I JUSTLY DESERVE!

THE NEXT NIGHT...

MUST HURRY-- I HAVE ONE VIAL OF BLOOD SUBSTITUTE SERUM LEFT, AND THE TENSION HAS MADE ME DESPERATE FOR IT! BEFORE TOMORROW NIGHT, I HOPE CONRAD VAN HELSING WILL SENSE MY WORK IS DONE HERE, AND RETURN ME TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!



OH NO! I'VE DROPPED IT! MY HANDS WERE TOO SHAKY!

CRASH!



AH! BACK IN MY REGAL CLOTHES AGAIN! NOW FOR MY SERUM!



NOW THERE IS NONE LEFT! AND SOMEBODY - IN THIS STATE, I MUST RESCUE DRACULA!



I KNOW IT'S WRONG, WHAT I DO! AND IF I LOSE MY SOUL FOR IT I LOSE IT GLADLY! FOR MINE, MY WIFE, MUST BE PROTECTED FROM THAT CREATURE! HE HAS ENDANGERED HER FOR THE LAST TIME... AND NOW DRACULA MUST DIE!

I NEVER DREAMED I WOULD SOMEDAY RISK MY LIFE TO SAVE HIS! BUT NOW THAT I KNOW HE IS TRYING TO CHANGE HIS LIFE, AND THAT CARLOS WAS PRIMARILY RESPONSIBLE, I MUST! HOW CAN I HATE HIM FOR WHAT HE DID-- WHEN I TOO FEEL THE SAME THINGS HE FEELS! WE ARE BOTH STRANGERS HERE, FROM OUR HOME WORLD OF DRACULON-- I MUST SAVE HIM!



SILENTLY, JONATHAN HARKER, MAKES HIS WAY TO THE ROOM IN WHICH COUNT DRACULA IS CHAINED...



SOON, WITH THE HELP OF A CHISEL VAMPIRELLA
HAS BROUGHT WITH HER...

I SHOULD HAVE YOU LOOSE
BEFORE JONATHAN HARKER
REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS!

THIS IS FAR
BETTER THAN I
DESERVE,
VAMPIRELLA!



HOW TO GET
AS FAR FROM VAN
HELINGS MANSION
AS WE CAN!

WHEN THEY ARE FAR AWAY, THEY PAUSE TO REST...

OH, VAMPIRELLA. WHAT
DOES IT MATTER? WHAT
LIFE IS THERE FOR ME NOW?
I'VE KILLED LUCY... AND I'VE
BETRAYED THE TRUST OF THE
CONQUESS, WHO TRIED TO
HELP ME! HOW CAN YOU
KNOW THE WAY I
FEEL NOW?

BUT I DO KNOW.
WE ARE BOTH CURSED WITH
THE DRACULOWIAN NEED!
ON OUR HOME PLANET,
RIVERS OF BLOOD FEED US!
HERE WE ARE MURDERERS!
I DO UNDERSTAND,
DRACULA! AND I WISH I
COULD HELP YOU-- BUT
I CANNOT EVEN HELP
MYSELF!



SUDDENLY, THE GODDESS FROM THE STARS
APPEARS...

THE CONQUESS!

MISSING, VAMPIRELLA!
CONRAD VAN HELSING, OF
YOUR TIME, SUMMONS YOU
NOW! AND REMEMBER THAT
YOU TOO FAILED, AND GAVE
INTO THE TEMPTATION
OF EVIL!

YOU HAVE FAILED,
DRACULA! I BROUGHT YOU
HERE TO ATONE FOR YOUR
EVIL! YOU COULD HAVE DONE
THAT BY LYING AS A NORMAL MAN,
BY CURSING YOUR BLOODLUST,
AND BY AIDING LUCY WESTENRA, WHOM
YOU ONCE MURDERED! INSTEAD, YOU
KILLED HER AGAIN-- BUT YOU ATONE
NONETHELESS THROUGH YOUR GUILT!
THERE WILL BE OTHER TESTS, DRACULA,
AND THEY WILL BE HARDER, I FEAR
BECAUSE OF THIS!

I'M
WISHING!



I CAN HARDLY BLAME YOU, BORIS, FOR BEING DECEIVED BY COUNT DRACULA, WHEN I MYSELF WAS DECEIVED BY ELLA NORMANDY! NOW IRONIC THAT WE BOTH CHOSE VAMPIRES AS OUR ASSISTANTS!

IRONIC? I THINK NOT! IT CANNOT BE PURE COINCIDENCE, ABRAHAM, THAT OUR RESEARCH ATTRACTED TWO SUCH CREATURES! OUR SEARCH FOR A CURE FOR VAMPIRISM HAS BROUGHT AN ILL RATE UPON VAN HELSING MANSION! IT WAS NOT MEANT THAT WE SHOULD RAISE THE DEAD! I HAVE DESTROYED ALL OUR RECORDS, SAVE FOR A FEW PAGES!



I'M ONLY GRATEFUL THAT MINA IS STILL ALIVE! STRANGE THAT ELLA DIDN'T KILL ME WHEN SHE HAD THE CHANCE! IT'S HARD TO THINK OF HER AS A VAMPIRE -- TO HATE HER AS I DO DRACULA!

PERHAPS WE SHOULDN'T HATE HER, JONATHAN! PERHAPS WE SHOULD...



PITY HER.

AND IN THE 20th CENTURY VAN HELSING'S MANSION, WHERE VAMPIR HAS JUST BEEN RETURNED BY CONRAD VAN HELSING'S SPELL...



I BROUGHT YOU BACK AS SOON AS

MY SIXTH SENSE TOLD ME THE PROJECT WAS OVER! SAD THAT IT WENT SUCH A DIRE END! BUT WHAT OF THE FORMULA ITSELF? WILL IT BE OF ANY USE TO YOU?

I'M AFRAID NOT! IT WAS ONLY MEANT TO REVIVE THE LIVING DEAD KIND OF VAMPIRE! FOR A VAMPIRE SUCH AS MYSELF, IT'S USELESS!



I'M ONLY GLAD I HAVE YOU BACK SAFE, VAMPIRE OR NOT!

IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK, ADAM!

IS IT ONLY WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH THAT MAKES ME FEEL THIS WAY? OR IS IT THAT ADAM'S HUMAN ARMS ARE NOT ENOUGH, NOW THAT I'VE FOUND ONE OF MY OWN KIND TO LOVE! NOW THAT I'VE FOUND...



DRACULA!

NEXT: SLITHERERS of the SAND!



*"ADJUST PSYCH-SENDER TO
DRIFTOUT FREQUENCY.
DONE? GOOD. BRACE YOUR
SELF, QUESTER. YOU PHASE
OUT IN TEN SECONDS."*

*"YOUR SENDER IS ON
FREQUENCY FIVE, QUESTER?
GOOD. YOU'LL ACHIEVE DRIFT-
OUT RIGHT WITH YOUR
HUSBAND."*



*"NOW REMEMBER. THIS IS NOT TO
ESCALATE TO A PRIVATE ID WAR
BETWEEN YOU, IT IS A PSYCHO-
LOGICAL EXPERIMENT."*

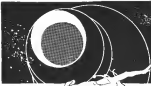
*"ONCE REAWAKENED, YOU'LL
GIVE US ALL THE IMPRESSIONS
YOU RECEIVED OF EXPLORING
YOUR OWN SUBCONSCIOUS.
AND WE SHALL ATTEMPT TO
LEARN WHO IS THE STRONGER
PSYCHICALLY... MAN OR WOMAN."*



GENIDER BENIDER



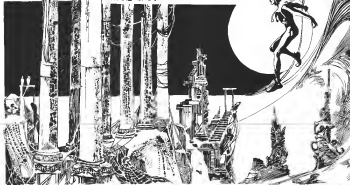
A TOMB OF THE GODS EPISODE!



I'VE ALWAYS HAD A WISH-FANTASY OF EXPLORING OUTER SPACE. I EXPERIENCE IT NOW, VOYAGING PAST GALAXIES ON THE WAY TO MY OWN SUBCONSCIOUS.



"SUCCESS! DRIFTOUT HAS BEEN ACHIEVED! I'M ATTIRED AS A JESTER (SELF-DERISION OF MY NAME QUESTER?) SINKING INTO A MACABRE GARISH LAND I RECOGNIZE AND YET NOT RECOGNIZE. NO SIGN OF CONNIE YET, BUT HER PSYCHE SHOULD OCCUPY THIS UNIVERSE COMPOSED OF BOTH OUR MENTAL MAKE-UPS."





LOOKING FOR ME, JIM?
OH, HOW DARLING YOU LOOK. I...
I FEEL I NEED YOU VERY MUCH
NOW. COME TO ME.

I TURN AND SHE IS POSED
BESIDE A MASSIVE MARBLE
PILLAR, A SOFT CREATURE
OF ESQUISITE FEMININE
BEAUTY, MUCH LOVELIER
THAN HER REALITY-SHELL
OF APPROACHING MIDDLE
AGE. IS THIS NEW FORM
HER CREATION?



WE'VE
POWERS OF
CREATION HERE,
CONNIE.
DID YOU...



LOVE ME, JIM.
SURELY WE ARE
ADrift IN PARADISE.
SET ME AFIRE WITH
YOUR PASSION.
LOVE... ME.

THE EXPERIMENT! THE MOCK DUEL
OF WILLS BETWEEN MAN AND
WOMAN! I MUST NOT FORGET
LIKE SHE HAS... OR HAS SHE
FORGOTTEN? MAYBE SHE
WANTS HIM TO WIN THE
DUEL, AND IS
CONQUERING
ME WITH...
WITH...



WHAT'S
WRONG, JIM?
WHY DID YOU
ABRUPTLY TURN
SO COLD?
DO I REPEL
YOU?



HOW COULD
YOU, LOOKING
LIKE THAT? BUT
MAYBE THAT'S
WHAT YOU PLANNED.
YOU MIGHT THINK
IT "CUTE" TO SUBDUCE
ME, PROVIDING,
IN THIS TEST,
THAT THE FEMALE
IS SUPERIOR.



PERHAPS YOU'RE THE ONE WHO
DREAMED ME A CLOWN, NOT MY
OWN SUBCONSCIOUS!



MISTRUST, DARLING?
I THOUGHT OUR MAR-
RIAGE WAS PERFECT.

NO HARM IN THAT, GOD, PERHAPS I'M JUST PARANOID,
BASICALLY INSECURE, I REALLY HAVEN'T SEEN ANY
OF THE INNATE HOSTILITY BETWEEN THE SEXES THE
DOCTORS PREDICTED, EXCEPT MY OWN! WELL, I'LL
SUBLIMATE THAT, AND
JUST DANCE.



IF YOU'LL
NOT LOVE,
WOULD YOU
CARE TO
DANCE?



"THE CHAUVINIST-LIBERATIONIST
REVOLUTIONS OF 1975 ARE INSIGNIFICANT
AND ALIEN HERE, CONNIE AND I DANCE
ON SOFT BREEZES ACROSS UNIVERSES.

SUDDENLY SHE STOPS.

I CAN BE
A JESTER TOO.
WATCH ME
CHANGE, JIM.

I STARE TRANSFIXED IN
SURPRISE AS SHE META-
MORPHISES INTO A
HUNDRED CLOWNS WITH
A HUNDRED FACES.
JUBILANT, DEPRESSED,
HYSTERICAL.

MY
EYES ARE
BURSTING
INTO FLAME
WE'RE FLOAT-
ING NOW,
DOWN TOWARD
SOME
FANTASTIC
BARREN
ASTEROID.

CONNIE!
WHAT... ARE
YOU DOING?
IN GOD'S NAME
WHAT ARE YOU
CONJURING UP?

THOUSAND
CHANGES NOW!
HARPIES, SORCE-
RESSES, WITCHES!
BIZARRE SHE-LIFE-
FORMS I CANNOT
COMPREHEND. SHE
SHRIEKS AND
LEERS BEHIND
INDESCRIBABLE
PSYCHIC BEINGS.



GAZE UPON ME,
JIM QUESTER. SEE
HOW *BEAUTIFUL*
I AM, HOW GREAT
AND *SUPERIOR* MY
WILL IS TO YOURS...

FINALLY SHE ASSUMES CYCLOPEAN
FORM. I AM A PYGMY AGAINST
THE CREAMY WHITE VASTNESS
OF HER BODY. SHE HAS LEARNED
TO USE THE NEW POWERS GRANT-
ED HER IN THIS 10-DIMENSION WELL.

*I UTILIZE MY OWN NEW-
FOUND ABILITIES, AND
BLANK OUT THE SCENE, I
CAST HER INTO AN EERIE
MOONLESS GRAVEYARD
OF MARKERS, SKELETONS
AND MOANING WINDS.*



WHERE AM I?
GOT TO THINK.



*SHE SCREAMS AS CLAMMY HANDS
REACH FROM INKY TOMB DARK-
NESS. MY HANDS! I KNOW
I HAVE CAUGHT HER BY
SURPRISE. CONNIE IS HORRIFIED
BY THE ALIEN FORM I'VE
ADOPTED.*



*I STEAL FROM FRAGILE,
PARALYZED LIPS.*

*THEN I RIP OFF HER SINGLE INST
GARMENT AS SHE PROPS SCREAMING
INTO A FIERY ABYSS.*



*SHE PLUMMETS DOWN A BILLION
LIGHT YEARS OF SEARING PAIN TO
STRIKE THE BRUTAL COARSENESS
OF MY OUTSTRETCHED SHOULDER-
ING COAL HAND.*



ETERNITIES LATER, OUR BATTLE HALTS. WE FIND OURSELVES DRAWN TO A DARK YET BEAUTIFUL WORLD.



WE ARE GUARDED BY A GRIM FACELESS ARMY ON A PLAIN STRETCHING TO UNENDINGNESS. WE SENSE WE ARE AWAITING SOMETHING.



JIM...BACK THERE...WHY DID WE FIGHT SO?


IT WAS LIKE SOME GREAT INNER...EGO FORCE TOOK HOLD OF ME, AND YOU'IS SUCH THE BASE OF THE HUMAN PERSONALITY?



THEN, THEY MATERIALIZE! MYSTIC, POWERFUL, INCREDIBLY ANCIENT.

WE ARE THE OLDS, WHO HAVE DWELLED WITHIN MAN'S SOUL. RECESSED ERE HE BEGAN WE ARE SUBSERVIENT TO HIS CONSCIOUS SELF, PROVIDING PERSONALITY, BELIEFS, DREAMS...





BUT NOW YOU DEGRADE
OUR POWERS EVEN BEYOND OUR
UNDERSTANDING! THE SCIENTISTS OF
CONSCIOUS-LAND HAVE UNLEASHED
THE SOUL-WORKINGS WE DID NOT
CREATE. **EVIL** WORKINGS! FOOLS!
CAN YOU NOT CHANGE? KNOW
YOU NOT HOW YOUR DUEL
MUST END?

AT THE OLD WOMAN'S
BECKONING, MYRIAD
FORMS OF WARPED
MALIGNANT EVIL
SWARM FROM THE
LANDSCAPE. THEY
ATTACK CONNIE, AND
NOW START FOR ME.

"OBSERVE WELL,"
THE OLDS CRY, "THE
FRUITS OF YOUR
OWN DESTRUCTIVE
IMAGINATIONS."

WE DEPART NOW,
LEAVING YOU A DECISION.
LEAVE IN PEACE AND TELL
YOUR FELLOW HUMANS
WHAT YOU SAW, OR
CONTINUE YOUR DUEL...
TO A **PRE-DETERMINED** END!

I SPREAD MY ARMS AND A WAVE OF
DECAY ASSAULTS HER. HALF HER BODY
COMMENCES TO ROT AWAY.

ONCE
ALONE,
THE
EGO
FORCE
RETURNS.
CONNIE
IS A
FANGED
SERPENT
SEEKING
OUT MY
THROAT.

I
GRIP HER AND
HURL HER TO THE
ROCKY PLAIN.
ALREADY I CAN
SENSE HER IM-
PENDING TRANS-
FORMATION. I
PREPARE BY
AGAIN TRANS-
FORMING MYSELF.

A MORE HIDEOUS, DEADLY
SERPENT-GUISE THAN
BEFORE. BUT NOW I AM
A PAIR OF DEMON BIRDS
WITH RAZOR BEAKS
AND CLAWS. I ATTACK.

THE
BATTLE
IS
VIOLENT
AND
VILE.



A CONSTRICTING COIL
KILLS ONE OF ME, BUT
ONE WINGED HORROR
STILL SLASHES AND CLAWS
THE SHE-SNAKE-THING.

SHE IS
DYING. SHE
CHANGES. I ASSUME
THE SIMPLER FORM
OF A SPARROW AND
HOVER ABOVE HER
BLEEDING BODY.
REALIZATION IS A
KNIFE THRUST IN MY
SOUL. I'VE MUR-
DERED MY WIFE.
WHY?

THEN I SIT, STARING AT THE
WOMAN I LOVED, IN MY
SPARROW FORM. I FEEL HER
BLOOD TRICKLE ONTO ME!
ELECTRIFYING ME!

I SHIVER! THEN
COLLAPSE!...AND
I KNOW THAT I, TOO
AM DYING! HER
BLOOD, LIKE A MILLION
VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY
IS SHOCKING MY VERY
LIFE FORCE OUT OF EXIST-
ENCE! IRONIC, BUT IN MY
LAST THOUGHTS ALL I CAN
THINK OF... CONNIE, I'M SORRY...

WHAT STRANGE DEFECT EXISTS
IN THE HUMAN PERSONALITY
MAKING EACH AND EVERY ONE
OF US HURT THE ONES
WE LOVE?



VAMPI'S BOOK REVIEWS

Book No. 1, of

PRINCE VALIANT

by Hal Foster, with Max Trell
229 pgs. Hastings House, \$2.95

The late Duke of Windsor once called Hal Foster's Sunday strip, **PRINCE VALIANT**, "The greatest work of English Literature produced in this century." Small wonder. Since 1937, Harold R. Foster has scribbled forth weekly chronicles of Prince Val's saga, taking him from teen lad hood, through war, marriage, family-rearing, and bombastic battle adventures.

Hastings House saw what a master epic in the making **PRINCE VALIANT** is and began putting out this series of (to date, 7) books, back in 1951. If this first book doesn't whet your taste for the rest, someone has definitely drained you of your blood. Each page is capriciously illustrated with panels from the original strip and with text adaptation by one Max Trell. There are a little over 350 illustrations.

The pictures are the magic of it. Every sword-bit, shield, and link of chain-mail was thoroughly researched for authenticity, and the adventure is in the grand style of history's dreamy sagas, romances, and sorceries, falconry, jousts and quests for the far princess lands, that led Val to Norse and Celtic kingdoms, scaling castles a la Doug Fairbanks, fighting with blade and cunning, and roaming with Viking seafarers and worthy knights of Arthur's Table Round. If a truly great book. Rightish yes on!



A History of the COMIC STRIP

by Pierre Couperie
and Meanson Kore
Green, \$3.95
252 pgs.

"Everything you've always wanted to know about the comic strip, but didn't know what to ask," would be a good subtitle for this tome.

A stunning product of 6 French to authors, it's a comprehensive illustration laden book you can proudly show your art teacher (particularly if he's the kind of snootish cat that says comics aren't "Aahart...that's Art, to us common folk). And you can use its statistics to show any stuffy English teacher that 1989's **AND THE PIRATES, STEVE CANYON, ORPHAN ANNIE, and LIL ABNER** are about the most widely-read popular novels of all time.

Those to get the most from this book are serious fans of comic art, nostalgia buffs, sociologists, and most anyone who wants to become a cartoonist. It deals with all aspects of comic strips, past and present, native or foreign, from drawing board to who reads em.

Among the hundreds of illustrations is a full-page splash of **BUCK ROGERS**, drawn by Frank Fipetta, the well-known cover artist for **CREEPY, SERIE and VAMPIRELLA**. That's not the only reason to buy this 252-page book. There are at least 250 others—as well as forewords by the "Rembrandt of the Comics," Milton Caniff, who draws **STEVE CANYON**, and Burne Hogarth, who drew **TARZAN**.



The Treadon Book of

GHOST STORIES

Edited by Charles Bittle
182 pgs. Treadon, 80¢

The ghosts in this book are just about all British. The paperback comes from England, though two of the stories are written by Americans. This reviewer is unfamiliar with any of the authors represented, which is probably just as well. Stories and anthologies should sell themselves on the strength of the writing, not the name of the author.

There are twelve stories in the collection and all seem to have the old British reserve. "Out of the Earth" has the most horrendous apparition of the dozen, and is the least strange story. My personal favorite is a yarn about an English vicar and his loving wife, who regularly rehabilitate wayward ghosts and encourage them to go to church. It's the lead story, "The Lost Strayed, Stolen," by M.F.K. Fisher, an American and it was first published in *The New Yorker* magazine. Yes, *The New Yorker*.

This is mostly English slice-of-life, or mainstream writing, to set up the supernatural elements for believability before the inexplicable. Things happen. A couple of the stories are more like studies in psychology with supernatural overtones, as with H.R. Wakefield's "The Third Coach." It's worth reading.



THE PHANTOM

by Las Felt & Ray Moore
82 pgs. Nostalgia Press, \$5.95

THE PHANTOM is a costumed-hero strip for people who don't like costumed heroes. He's more than just a guy in purple and black long-johns, brandishing a skull-ring and perpetuating the rumor that he's 400 years old, so glibly tribesmen of Africa will heed his judgement. For one thing he was created in 1936 by Lee Falk, and drawn by Ray Moore. THE PHANTOM ranks among the 12 most popular comic strips of all time, and is read in 63 foreign countries.

Why? Mainly, one suspects, because of Falk's dapper detective, not often seen in socked-up strips. Without his extra something, The Ghost Who Walks would be just another Saturday-afternoon serial hero. The charm to reading THE PHANTOM book (made of a complete 1938 adventure called "The Prisoner of the Himalayas") is watching the stock plot and witty dialogue unfold as in a well-paced, sophisticated adult movie of that day.

A drill example. One "Count Bart," professional villain, explains his madious plan to take over all India, to which the PHANTOM smirkingly replies, "I knew you were hard and shrewd, but I didn't think you'd be barmy as well." You tell 'em, Old Chap!

Or, when a matron has viewed THE PHANTOM in her bedroom, her word is doubted, and she's advised by her daughter to "good Welsh rarebit, far. Every time you eat Welsh rarebit, you have nightmares!" My word!





AND THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...



LOVE IS NO GAME

NO, JOHN!
WHY HAVE YOU
DONE THIS?

I DIDN'T
MEAN YOU AND
HARM! I
ONLY...



NOW I AM FILLED WITH FEAR, UNABLE TO MOVE... UNWARE OF EXACTLY WHAT LIES AHEAD YET, WHAT HAVE I DONE?
HAVE I BROUGHT THIS UPON MYSELF? NO, THIS CAN'T BE MY FAULT! I'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG... NOW I THINK BACK...

BACK TO THE BEGINNING...
HEART-BROKEN DAN WAS GONE,
AND MY LIFE SEEMED EMPTY.

DAN, OH, DAN!
IF ONLY YOU WOULD
COME BACK!

DAN HAD LIVED RIGHT NEXT DOOR, WE HAD BEEN
GOING STEADY FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS, BUT THEN, HE
AND HIS PARENTS MOVED TO CALIFORNIA, AND I KNEW
I WOULD NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN.



THEN, ONE AFTERNOON, THE NEW FAMILY MOVED INTO DAVE'S OLD HOUSE... AND FOR THE FIRST TIME I SAW JOHN...



AND IN A TWINKLING, MY HEARTACHE BEGAN TO WHIRL!



I PASSED HIS HOUSE THAT NEXT MORNING, WHILE HE WAS TAKING THE LAUN... AND I TRIED TO STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION.

HE HAD BRUSHED ME OFF, WHY?



I CONFIDED MY PROBLEM TO MY BEST FRIEND, GABY...



YOU'VE GOT TO REMEMBER, DOROTHY... LIFE IS A GAME! AND YOU'VE GOT TO PLAY IT RIGHT!

WAIT UNTIL HE'S OUTSIDE SOMEDAY... THEN PRETEND YOU NEED HIS HELP IN DOING SOMETHING!

THAT'S HOW YOU CAN GET HIS ATTENTION!

OH NO! I COULDN'T DO THAT! IT... IT WOULDN'T BE HONEST!



PERHAPS GIVEN WAS RIGHT, PERHAPS THIS WAS THE ONLY WAY TO GET HIS ATTENTION. BUT STILL, I REFUSED TO DO IT... REFUSED TO CHEAPEN MYSELF BY USING SNEAKY, UNDERHAND TRICKS! DAYS PASSED, AND I CONTINUED TO SIMPLY HOPES THAT, FOR SOME REASON, HE WOULD STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION WITH ME...



THREE DAYS WENT BY...AND FINALLY I COULD STAND IT NO LONGER...



OHAY, GIVEN!
WE'LL DO IT FOUR
WAY!

GOOPS!



IN A SECOND, HE WAS THERE AT MY SIDE, HELPING ME UP...



MINE! LET
ME HELP YOU
TO YOUR
FEET!

OH THANK
YOU SO
MUCH!



DO YOU THINK YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT?

I...I'M NOT SURE!
COULD YOU HELP ME BACK
TO MY HOUSE?

CERTAINLY!

THEN HIS ARM WAS AROUND MY SHOULDER...AND HE WAS LEADING ME HOME...

HANG ON!
WE'RE ALMOST
THERE!

OH DEAR GOD,
FORGIVE ME FOR
BEING SO DIS-
HONEST!





THERE? YOU SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT NOW!

THIS IS A NICE KITCHEN YOU HAVE HERE!

WOULD YOU CARE FOR A SODA DRINK? A SANDWICH? OR SOMETHING?



OH NO! NO! I'VE GOT TO LEAVE RIGHT NOW!

BUT...



OH I FEEL SO EMBARRASSED!

I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO THEN... WHERE TO GO... SO I STAYED HOME, IN MY ROOM, AND CRIED...

THEN, I LOOKED OUT MY WINDOW... AND SAW JOHN, HEADING OUT TOWARD THE WOODS BEHIND HIS HOUSE...

I COULDN'T CONTAIN MY CURIOSITY. I HAD TO FIND OUT. I WENT OUT AND FOLLOWED HIM... CAREFUL NOT TO BE SEEN...



WHAT IF HE KNOWS IT WAS A TRICK? HOW CAN I EVER FACE HIM AGAIN?



WHAT'S GOING ON? WHERE'S HE GOING?



HE'S HEADING TOWARD THE TALL TREES!

AND FINALLY, I SAW IT... HE WAS CHASING MY NERVE ON A TREE...

I COULDN'T HOLD MYSELF BACK... I RACED OUT OF HIDING...



HE... HE DOES CARE ABOUT ME!

BUT HE'S SLY! THAT MUST BE THE ANSWER!

DOROTHY



JOHN! IT'S TRUE! YOU HAVE BEEN THINKING ABOUT ME!

DOROTHY!

DOROTHY

HE TOOK ME IN HIS STRONG, MUSCULAR ARMS...

I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO FIND OUT ABOUT THIS! NOT YET!

BUT YES! I HAVE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOU...



HE SQUEEZED ME HARDER AND HARDER...

...EVER SINCE YOU FARED THAT FALL! YOU'RE JUST LIKE ALL WOMEN! MANTON AND IMMORAL!

JOHN! YOU'RE HURTING ME!



STILL HE SQUEEZED ME HARDER... AND JUST BEFORE I PASSED OUT, I HEARD HIM SAY...

I THOUGHT YOU WERE DIFFERENT! I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEONE I COULD LOVE! BUT NO!

YOU DESERVE TO DIE -- JUST AS THEY DID!



NOW I AM AWAKE AGAIN, BUT I CANNOT MOVE... JOHN DID SOMETHING TO MY BACK! I AM ALIVE, BUT I KNOW I WON'T BE FOR LONG...



AND AS I LOOK AROUND, I SEE THE OTHER NAMES JOHN CARVED IN THE TREES... LILLY, HOLLY... WHO ARE THEY??...



AND ON THE GROUND IN FRONT OF THOSE TREES, MOUNDS OF DIRT... THEIR GRAVES. AND NOW BELOW MY NAME, JOHN IS DIGGING MY GRAVE...

OH, MY GOD, NO! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! IT CAN'T!



DOROTHY

DIG IT, DOROTHY! JOIN THE CROWD!





MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE, TERROR-LOVERS, AND EYE THIS LITTLE TALE ABOUT A SKEPTIC WHO LEARNS THAT LOOKS CAN INDEED KILL! IT'S MOE, AND HIS SWEAT BURNS HIS EYELIDS, HALF-SHUT BY THE BLINDING SUN! BUT HIS WISDOM IS MARKED IN MORE THAN TWO! SON FLOYD, NOW DRIVING WEST ON INTERSTATE 40, IS AN ARCHETYPAL SALESMAN, A MANIPULATOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL WHOSE SHELL GAME IS PLAYED WITH PEOPLE. HIS VIEW-POINT WILL CHANGE, HOWEVER, WITH AN APOCALYPTIC REVELATION THAT IS SURE TO BE AN...

EYE OPENER!



AURALEON

DAMN THIS CONVENTION! ALL OF HIS OTHER FLUNKIES JUST DYING TO GO, AND OLD MAN BLAU PICKS ME! I'M HIS BEST SALESMAN, HE THINKS! SO HE SENDS ME-- LIKE HE WNS DOING ME A FAVOR!



DRIVING, HE FEELS HIS DAY-OLD SHIRT TIGHTEN WETLY AROUND HIM, AND HIS LACK OF SLEEP CATCH UP WITH HIM...



100 MILES? NEVER MAKE IT TO THE HOTEL IN TURNERSVILLE TONIGHT! BETTER FIND A PLACE TO CRASH FOR THE NIGHT!

SUMMER AFTERNOONS IN THE MIDWEST... AS HOT AS A BLOTTORCH AND AS SILENT AS A BURNING CANDLE... SILENT ENOUGH TO EVOKE A SCENE FROM HEAT-MAZED CONSCIOUSNESS...



Gone
Peace, she
dead. Love
Solie

SHOULD'VE DONE THAT YEARS AGO, HEH, HEH... WISH I COULD SEE HER FACE WHEN SHE FINDS OUT THERE AREN'T GONNA BE ANY MORE ALMONT PAYMENTS!

ART BY AURALEON / STORY BY DOUGLAS MOENCH

OF COURSE, DOING WITHOUT HER HAD ITS DISADVANTAGES. THERE WERE CERTAIN CREATURE COMFORTS HE WAS ABLE TO ENJOY WITH HER. NO MATTER, HE'D COMPENSATE WHEREVER HE'D SPEND THE NIGHT. HE WOULD GET HIMSELF ANOTHER CREATURE...



I REMEMBER THOSE FLICKS WHERE THE TEENAGE COUPLE STAYS THE NIGHT IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE AND THE GUY KEEPS SAYING, ANY PORT IN A STORM! (LOOKS LIKE (SHUDDER)) I GOT ME A PORT! I GOT A 50-50 CHANCE... HEADS I GET A MONSTER'S HAUNT...



... TAILS, I HAVE A DECENT PLACE TO SPEND THE NIGHT!



THERE'S A BRISK LITTLE JOINT, BUT FROM HERE IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S THAT OR NOTHING, I GUESS. OH, WELL...



WOW!

YES?



A LITTLE PITCH TO GET MY FOOT IN THE DOOR...

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, MISS, BUT I SEEM TO HAVE -- ER -- TAKEN THE WRONG TURN BACK THERE, AND ER, IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THERE'S GOING TO BE A MOTEL ALONG THIS ROAD FOR AT LEAST A HUNDRED MILES! I WAS WONDERING, OH, IF YOU COULD P-PUT ME UP FOR THE NIGHT... UR, I'M WILLING TO PAY...

I DUNNO, MISTER... LEAVING TALK IT OVER WITH GRANDMA. A MINUTE!

SHE CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HER AS SHE DISAPPEARS INTO THE DARK ROOFGESSES... HE SHIVERS ON THE PORCH, WAITING, WHILE THE SKY ACKNOWLEDGES THE HORROR-MOVIE CLICHE BY STEAKING WITH LIGHTNING - A THUNDER STORM! FINALLY, SHE REAPPEARS...

SURE, SURE... I UNDERSTAND!

OHAY, MISTER! WE CAN PUT YOU UP! BUT JUST FOR TONIGHT!

THIS IS GRANDMA, DON'T MIND HER, SHE'S BLIND... ER... GRANDMA DON'T GET AROUND MUCH, AND, UH, WE DON'T GET MUCH MONEY AROUND HERE 'CEPT HER PENSIONS AN STUFF, AND SO I WAS WONDERIN' -- WE LL, WE'LL NEED THAT MONEY NOW, MISTER!

SHE ELUDES HIS PRYING GLAZE, AND STEPS LIGHTLY THROUGH A SWINGING DOOR... SHE RETURNING WITH A TRAY, HOT, HOWEVER, DRY-ICE SMOKING LIKE A MOVIE WITCH'S BREW, THE CLICHE WASN'T HOLDING UP ALTOGETHER...

AS HE PRESSED FIFTEEN DOLLARS INTO THE GIRL'S HAND, PLOTKIN'S AMBITIOUS PASSION FOR BEAUTY OVERWHELS EVEN HIS AMBITIOUS PASSION FOR MONEY...

UH... OHAY, SURE!

BY THE WAY, MY NAME IS PLOTKIN. SO, PLOTKIN I SELL SHOES.

THAT'S NICE, I'M WENDY COFFEE, MISTER... PLOTKIN!

THANKS

I'VE SEE GRANDMA AND I DON'T HAVE NO USE FOR MOST ORDINARY FOLK, WE KEEP PRETTY MUCH TO OURSELVES, SO WE DON'T LIVE --

YOU'RE VERY HANDSOME, MR. PLOTKIN!



A NICE COMPLIMENT, BUT A LITTLE UNSETTLING, COMING FROM A BLIND WOMAN... UNNERVING ENOUGH TO GIVE PLOTKIN A START, SPILLING HIS COFFEE...



TH-THANK YOU --GRRS!

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, WENDY WILL TAKE CARE OF IT LATER, MR. PLOTKIN.

B-BUT... BUT...?



YOU'RE WONDERING HOW I CAN SEE, AREN'T YOU, MR. PLOTKIN? IT'S VERY SIMPLE. THESE ARE MY EYES.

DISBELIEVING, PLOTKIN MANAGES TO GET OUT A "GOODNIGHT" AND FOLLOWS THE LOVELY GIRL UP THE STAIRS...



DON'T WORRY NONE ABOUT HER. SHE LIKES TO PUT ON A BIG SHOW! SHE'S BEEN LIVIN' ALONE SO LONG - I MEAN WITHOUT GRANDMA - THAT SHE-SHE... WELL, SHE AIN'T RIGHT...



OUR GUEST DOESN'T BELIEVE, GERALD. NO MATTER, THEY SELDOM DO!

WELL, I'D BETTER SHOW M-MISTER PLOTKIN TO HIS ROOM, GRANDMA! ER... GOODNIGHT, GRANDMA!



HOT TOO MUCH, MR. PLOTKIN. WE'RE ALL BY OURSELVES OUT HERE.



YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL. I COULDN'T RESIST!

AND THE WAY SHE LOOKS... WHY NOT?

HE THINKS OF HIS WIFE,
AND OF HOW LONG HE
HAS BEEN AWAY FROM
HER AS HE FORCES A
KISS ON THE GIRL, AND
SOMETHING MUTE IN
WENDY BREAKS FORTH.
SHE ALMOST FEELS A
KIND OF LOVE FOR THE
POOR AND LONELY
STRANGER... ALONE, SO
MUCH LIKE HERSELF.

YOUR
GRANDMOTHER
CERTAINLY IS A
STRANGE
CHARACTER! WHAT
DID SHE MEAN
ABOUT THE BOX
BEING HER
EYES?

INSIDE IT IS A PAIR
O' EYES! REAL HUMAN
EYES! PRESERVED!

WHAT?? B-BUT
WHAT IN THE NAME
OF GOD WOULD
SHE WANT WITH...
WITH...?

I'M ALMOST
AFRAID TO ASK
THIS, BUT... MR...
WHAT WAS YOUR
GRANDMOTHER'S NAME?

GERALD!
WHY?

PLUTKIN ISN'T SURPRISED TO FIND IT DIFFICULT TO SLEEP THAT NIGHT, NOR IS HE
SURPRISED TO DISCOVER HIMSELF ANXIOUS TO LEAVE THE HOUSE NEXT MORNING,
WHEN...

WELL, O' BYE,
MR. PLUTKIN!
IT'S BEEN...
INTERESTING!

THANKS A LOT, WENDY!
I, UH, ENJOYED IT, TOO!

SHE'S SICK!
LIKE I TOLD YA! THEY'RE
HER HUSBAND'S EYES!
WHEN GRANDMA DIED SHE
WENT ALL TO PIECES! THEY
CREATED HIM, BUT SHE
ASKED THEY KEEP HIS EYES!
SHE'S HAD 'EM EVER SINCE!
SAYS SHE CAN SEE WITH
'EM! REAL SICK!

MR. PLUTKIN!!
I SAW IT!! I SAW
IT ALL!

WH-WHAT ARE
YOU T-TALKING
ABOUT?

MY
GRANDDAUGHTER!
PURE! BUT RUINED BY
YOU! YOU HEAR ME?
RUINED! SHE THINKS SHE'S
IN LOVE WITH YOU! THE POOR
FOOL! 'A COME HERE LING
ALL OF 'EM! WITH YORE
EYES FULL O' LUST AND
LOOKIN' PER SIN!



IT IS SAID THAT THE EYE IS THE WINDOW TO THE SOUL... BUT IT IS SOMETIMES THE WINDOW TO THE PIT OF HELL ITSELF...



BUT SOMETIMES IT IS THROUGH THE EYES OF ANOTHER THAT WE SEE THE MOST MANFUL SIGHT OF ALL... THE SIGHT OF OURSELVES!



AND THE EYES CAN ALSO DECEIVE, AS SOL PLOTNIK'S EYES... HE SEES ONLY THE HAUNTING, STARING EYES IN THE OLD LADY'S LITTLE BLACK BOX...



... IMPACT!



THERE IS THE KIND OF SILENCE THAT USUALLY ACCOMPANIES DEATH, BUT SOL PLOTKIN IS NOT SO LUCKY! HE IS LEFT TO AGONY AND WRITHING ON THE PAVEMENT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD, HIS BLOOD DYEING THE RECENTLY-PAINTED WHITE LINE THAT DIVIDES THE HIGHWAY INTO TWO LANES...



GOOD
GOD -- I CAN'T
SEE! MY EYES!
MY EYES!! SWEET
JESUS IN HEAVEN, I'M
BLIND! HELP ME,
SOMEBODY! I CAN'T
SEE! MY EYES! MY
GOD, MY EYES...!

GRANDMA -- YOU
DON'T SUPPOSE
THAT MR. PLOTKIN
WILL EVER COME
BACK, DO YOU?

I CAN'T SAY FOR
CERTAIN, DEAR, BUT I
DON'T THINK SO...

...WILL
YOU, MR.
PLOTKIN?



NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL POETIC JUSTICE!
AND DEMOCRATIC, AT THAT! AFTER ALL, IT DOES EMBODY
A FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE OF DEMOCRACY: 'THE EYES HAVE IT!'



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Writer **GREG POTTER** Profile: **GREG POTTER**



Writer Greg Potter

One cold, windy November evening in Rhode Island, a most curious little child was born. It was in the winter of 1953 and the doctors remember it well, for they'd never seen an infant born with a comic book in his hand before. He turned out, oddly enough, to be me! My obsession for comic art began when I was about nine. I often remember my mom shooing me out of the house for some fresh air because I'd spend too much time drawing small crayon comic books of such forgettable characters as Gus Man, Groundhog, Chemical Moar and other creations of mine. When, a few years later, I began to publish a fanzine called CB Fan Fair, both my mom and dad encouraged me quite a bit. In it, I wrote and drew a comic strip called "Negative Utopia" which

Scenes from the work of Greg Potter: Right, L.M. Reich's haunting treatment of "The Trap" from *Eerie* #36, and below, Richard Corben on "Friedhelm, the Magnificent"—*CREEPY* #48.



was an unbelievable hit. Everyone enjoyed it, and I enjoyed the trust they must I got concerning it. At the same time, I regularly became the hit of all my English classes in school with my compositions and poems. I decided that this was what God had put me on earth for: to write and give enjoyment to others through my writings. That is why I was so thrilled when Warren Publishers accepted my first script. I was reaching hundreds of readers, each one having the potential to enjoy my work—and if you do, I am whole.

Other than being a weirdo writer, I'm a pretty normal kid really. I live in suburban with my mom, dad, two brothers and my grandma. My hobbies are listening to rock music (especially Cat Stevens), artwork, and pretty girls! My favorite authors are Ray Bradbury, J.D. Salinger, and Aldous Huxley. My favorite comic artists (what you've all been waiting for, right?) are Will Eisner, Neal Adams, Al Williamson and George Metzger. My ambitions? I'll never stop writing, that's for sure. When I get older, I hope to get into novel writing. But as of now, that's only a dream—a beautiful, beautiful dream!



SPECTRE OF A GODDESS

Most people would have taken the bright object that streaked across the night sky to be a shooting star. But the trained eyes of Professor Stephen Jameson perceived it as something else. He set off after it. He had covered only a few miles when he beheld the smoldering remains of an alien spaceship, torn to pieces in the crash. As he studied the wreck he sensed something was behind him. Jameson used his flashlight, and saw a strikingly beautiful woman, apparently the only occupant of the star craft.

He got a closer look at her. She had large, warm, green eyes which seemed to gaze into his soul. "We must go to my home."

"My name is Altara, of the world Koraden," Jameson asked, "what happened to your ship?" She stammered slightly, "A meteor struck it, and it went out of control." She looked in his eyes. He suspected nothing.

In the weeks that followed Jameson realized he was slowly falling in love with this space born Goddess, and though she felt affection for her benefactor, she denied it. When he asked if anyone knew she had crashed, she would not answer him. The answer soon became apparent when, after she had been on earth a month, a large spaceship orbited the earth's atmosphere. Its occupants had located Altara's wrecked ship, and then her. It touched down about a hundred yards from Jameson's home, and from within came an ultimatum. "We, the Guardians of Koraden, demand that you return

to us Altara X-12A, escaped convict." Jameson turned to the trail girl who trembled behind him. "What do they mean?" "I lied to you, Stephen. From where I hailed I was a criminal. My ship was delivering me to a prison planet," she spoke tearfully, for her execution. Jameson covered his face with his hands, and Altara turned her face away.

Again the voice called out from the ship. "Surrender, Altara X-12A, or we shall be forced to kill your companion." Altara turned and stepped toward her executioners. Jameson grabbed her by the arm, and cried out to the Guardians, "No! I love her. You cannot have her!" She turned to him, her eyes glowing.

"On my world, we possess hypnotic powers. What you see now is an illusion." She began to change into a hideously ugly creature and Jameson released her arm. "This is what I really am. No beautiful woman, but an ugly monster." She changed back into human form. "Remember me like this, Stephen." A tear fell down her cheek. "I love you too." She turned and walked over to the Koraden ship. He did not realize, nor would he ever, that she had once again lied to him. She was in her normal form, not as a monster, but as a beautiful woman.

A beam of light from the ship enveloped Altara! A moment later the ship streaked off into space. Jameson looked at the burned circle the beam had made, and a tear fell down his own cheek as he turned his face to the stars. **RON MARTIN**

THE TIME IS NEVER

The time is never. The place is nowhere. There is nothing to see and nothing to do. There are lights, then no lights. All is in darkness. All is in light. Nothing is possible. Nothing is impossible. You are drifting through space and time without a care in the world, because for you there is no world. Ever drifting, never resting, life is an eternity. Death is an eternity. Drifting, drifting, ever drifting. Never resting, ever drifting. Transitions, transitions, and more transitions. Transitions from light into day, light into dark, and possible into impossible. Sometimes heavy, sometimes light, you drift on forever until you are reborn. For this is Death.

WENDY CRABTREE



Frightening fan art of Cleopatra holding the skull of one of her former admirers comes from the fertile mind of HUDSON HILL.

THE SAFE

She had always loved her husband Or, at least, that was what she had always told herself. But in reality she hated him, hated his perpetual smile and acts of kindness.

Every evening, the two of them would follow the same routine. He would come home, they would sit down for dinner, all the while saying very little to each other. After dinner, he would retire to his study, locking the door behind him.

The doctor came to her house to inform her of her husband's death. She had put on a good act of sorrow, that thoroughly convinced the doctor how much she missed her husband.

He had no cause to question her motive, to dig any deeper into the nature of her husband's untimely death. As best he could, the doctor, an old and kindly man, well on in years and their family physician for as long as she could remember, offered what little solace he could muster in her hour of grief. Secretly, she laughed for it was heaven to be finally rid of him, finally rid of the endless nonentity that her husband had become. Towards his last, he was little better than a vegetable, a human vegetable who needed the cord and quiet solace of his study to lesser and mold.

She was ecstatically happy now. Finally, she had reason to live. Her life would flower. She thought of beginning a career she had long since given up hope for in marriage. All things seemed wondrous and sparked with the gold of hope. She had cast off her albatross and the air was far

cleaner and fresher than she remembered it being in ages. It was almost like she had been re-born a new woman.

All during the day, she was a bundle of nerves. Only once did she smile, and that was when her dear departed husband's lawyer informed her of his insurance policy, which happened to make her a very rich widow.

It wasn't till ten-o'clock that she was left alone. The first thing she did was to get his key ring. She then entered his study, and for a moment, was stunned by the silence that filled the close confines of the room. With a shrug, she came out of her stupor and walked over to a large painting. She took it down, to reveal a small wall safe. She looked through the numerous keys on his key chain that she held. She chose one, and unlocked the safe. For a moment, only for a moment, she hesitated in opening the safe. Then she unlocked, opened the door, and began to scream.

Now, she knew the answer to the many things that had plagued her for the past four years. Now, she knew why there were no mirrors throughout the house, no reflective surfaces. Now, she knew why she had not been permitted to ever leave the house. And finally, now she knew the result of her accident of four years ago, how it had scarred her once beautiful face. The reflection of her face in the mirror in the safe, the scorched skin and distorted features, was enough to drive her mad.

As for why it did not affect her like husband, maybe it was because he was—blind.

RICHARD PICKMAN



Horrible closeup of a caricatured VAMPIRELLA leaning at you, perhaps for some warm, red blood was drawn in the dark of night under the light of the moon by BILL BRYAN.

Advance Guard

Jordan landed the J-714 Galactrocock while Kyrilla checked the landing area with a periscope. Jordan told her that he was worried and asked why. "I still think we should have investigated more fully before landing here. All we know is that the planet supports rational life, but we should have first ascertained what the dominant species was."

Jordan impatiently brushed aside the suggestion of his subordinate. "I realize you only graduated from the Exploration Division of Interstellar University last year, but your instructors must have informed you that throughout the galaxy ours is always the dominant race among the myriad forms of creation."

Kyrilla was still worried, but obeyed his orders, and the two explorers left the ship. Within 15 minutes they had found a substantial number of creatures very similar to themselves.

Kyrilla was still doubtful and urged caution, but Jordan called him a timorous fool and ordered him to watch how communication could be established with an alien species to learn the extent of their strength. They approached one of the creatures and Jordan spoke in Versa, the uniform language of the Galaxy's civilized worlds, asking the stranger to take them to a governmental or military official. The strange creature ignored the question and continued to eat his dinner. Jordan tried several other languages with the same result, then ordered Kyrilla to put on his portable

telecommunicator, which would enable him to read the mind of their indifferent host.

"I can't get any rational thought patterns. It's like trying to read the mind of an animal. I can't believe that such minds could be the dominant race on a planet like this."

Jordan was getting angry. "Are you blind? You can see they are just like us. We'll turn off our force fields to see if they interfered with the telecommunicator."

Kyrilla doubted the wisdom of this, but obeyed orders. A few minutes later the strange creature hurriedly left without ever responding to their inquiries. "As soon as we return to the J-714 I am going to report this planet ripe for invasion. These creatures are like our remote ancestors over a million years ago and will never be able to resist our force."

Suddenly a shadow appeared over the two explorers. Kyrilla looked up and reached to turn on his force field, but it was too late. An immense object smashed against them, crushing them against the earth. They both died almost instantaneously. I got two of them this time, Mary. Those miserable flies can certainly spell a picnic. Hey, I never saw flies quite like this before."

"Oh, Fred, stop worrying about a few useless flies and think about something important like our daughter's graduation next week or the condition of the economy or Vietnam. You're always concerned with trivialities."

"I guess you're right, Mary. How are the hot dogs coming?"

DOUGLAS W. JUSTICE



Sketch of VAMPIRELLA in chains with a determined look of freedom on her face was done by bewitched reader CARA SHERMAN.

THE GIFT

I once walked into the little shop and purchased just what she had been looking for. She then went home, wrapped it up and sent the package to her most hated enemy, Sarah Williams. A week later, Sarah received the package. Inside was a makeup set. Sarah was puzzled but her hand seemed to have a life of its own as it reached for the makeup. She was helpless as her hands applied the grotesque makeup. At night Sarah tried to remove the makeup but it wouldn't come off. Sarah screamed as she clawed at her face in a desperate effort to remove it. Her son found her still clawing at the makeup long since gone but by this time she had nipped most of the skin from her face.

HENRY C. BRENNAN

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PROLOGUE :

IT HAD ALL
HAPPENED SO FAST.
ONE MOMENT
FURLON, HARTLEY
AND HIS BROTHER
FEIN WERE
SAUNTERING
THROUGH THE
STREETS OF
CAROLINA...

THIS VESSEL OF
SHAKE'S VENOM AND
GOATSWAM SWIRLS OF
SATAN'S ORCHIDS? I WISH
I DIDN'T HAVE TO
CARRY IT!

AND THE NEXT MOMENT, CONFUSION!

FEIN, WHAT'S THIS?
WHY IS EVERYONE
RUNNING LIKE A PACK
OF FRIGHTENED
DOGS?

I KNOW NOT,
BROTHER.

FURLON NEVER KNEW WHAT
HAD HAPPENED TO FEIN.
HE ONLY KNEW THAT HE HAD
NOT RUN QUITE FAST ENOUGH.

AYE! BEING
THE SON OF THE TOWN
SORCEROR, IS NO EASY ROLE
TO PLAY, YET, FATHER NEEDS
THAT CONCOCTION FOR
HIS WORK.

BUT THE NEXT
INSTANT, FEIN AND
FURLON WERE TO
FIND OUT.

GREAT
SANATOS!
AN INVASION!

RUN FURLON!
RUN!

AND AS HE FELL
HE LOST HOLD OF
THE VIAL OF FLUID
WHICH SPLASHED
IN HIS FACE.



BY THE TIME FURLON AWOKES, THE CITY HAD FALLEN AND ITS CONQUEROR, JENWRAL THE MIGHTY, STOOD BEFORE THE YOUTH.

HO!
THE LAD
AWAKES. LOOK
UPON YOUR
NEW EMPEROR,
FURLON!

FURLON'S SKIN CRAWLED
AT JENWRAL'S UGLY SIGHT,
BUT AS HIS LIPS MOVED
TO VOICE DEFIANCE...

NO BOY, YOU CANNOT
SPEAK. YOU DRANK IN
TOO MUCH OF THAT
VILE-SMELLING BREW
YOU CARRIED, AND IT
TOOK AWAY YOUR
TONGUE...

...AS WELL AS
YOUR FEATURES!
SUCH A PITIFUL
FAIR FOR THE
SON OF A
SORCEROR.
EH, FURLON?

DAZED, FURLON'S THOUGHTS
WHIRLED AROUND HIS SKULL
LIKE A CYCLONE. HE SHOOK
HIS HEAD "YES".

DON'T DESPAIR SO, BOY!
JENWRAL THE MIGHTY CAN
AT LEAST OFFER YOU PARTIAL
FREEDOM FROM YOUR RATHER
UGLY STATE! I COULD ARRANGE
TO HAVE YOUR VOICE RETURNED.
WOULD YOU LIKE THAT,
FURLON?

THE IDEA REPULSED FURLON,
YET, WHAT ELSE WAS
THERE? THE CITY WAS
CONQUERED; FEIN WAS
DEAD OR MISSING; AND
HE HIMSELF WAS
HOPELESSLY SCARRED.

EXCELLENT, MY BOY...
EXCELLENT! BUT WE MUSTN'T
EXPECT SOMETHING FOR NOTHING,
MUST WE? IF I AM TO RETURN
YOUR VOICE, YOU MUST DO SOME-
THING FOR ME...HOW WOULD YOU
ENJOY BEING MY COURT
SORCEROR?

HE AGREES!
HE AGREES?...
RING THE BELLS
AND INFORM THE
POPULANCE!
FURLON THE SORCEROR
IS BORN!

HERE'S A TALE THAT
HAPPENED SOME
"KNIGHTS" AGO
CALLED...

VENGEANCE BROTHER VENGEANCE!

THE EVIL JENWRAL
HAS CHANGED CARLONIA
MUCH SINCE I LAST
LIVED THERE. IT IS NO LONGER
THE PEACEFUL VILLAGE
OF MY YOUTH!
MY HEART STOPS AT
THE SIGHT!

SLIPPING FROM HIS UNICORN, AN OLDER FEIN HARTLEY SCURRIES TOWARDS THE MOAT SURROUNDING CARLONIA.

MAY GANOTOS HAVE MERCY ON JENWRAL ONCE MY FINGERS CLOSE AROUND HIS SLIMY THROAT!



FEIN SLIDES INTO THE BRINE AND THE MOAT WATER HISSES AS HIS LITHE FORM CUTS ITS SURFACE.

OOOO...THE WATER SEEMS UNCOMMONLY WARM! I'D WAGER— WAIT! WHAT'S THAT SOMETHING IS GRIPPING MY LEG?



IN SECONDS, HE WAS LOST BENEATH THE MOAT'S SURFACE!

A GIANT TENTOCLAW!
IT MEANS TO HAVE ME FOR A MEAL!



NO USE!
I'D HAVE NO MORE LUCK THAN IF I WAS WHIPPING HIM WITH A SPROUT OF BARLEY!
NOR CAN I FREE MYSELF FROM HIS GRASP. THERE MAY BE ONE CHANCE. HOWEVER...

SUDDENLY FEIN GOES LIMP!

IF I PLAY DEAD, IT SHOULD LOOSEN ITS HOLD ON ME AND BRING ME TO ITS MOUTH. WHEN I GET CLOSE ENOUGH...



...UP I DART!





...AND I ATTACK
ITS SORE SPOT:
THE EYE!

SCREAMING IN SILENT AGONY,
THE HUGE TENTACLE WRITHES
AND TWISTS UNTIL THE WATER
BOILS AROUND ITS TORSO. FEN
SWIMS SWIFTLY TO THE SURFACE.



IT IS A FATIGUED HERO
WHO REACHES THE CASTLE
SHORE.



OOOO...
AND THUS,
THE FIRST LEG
OF THE JOURNEY
IS WON!

UNAWARE THAT HIS
GUARDIAN OF THE MOAT HAS BEEN DISPOSED
OF, JENWIAL GOES ABOUT HIS DAILY DUTIES.



YOUR GREATNESS,
THE EXPEDITION
HAS RETURNED.
THEY HAVE FULFILLED
YOUR WISHES.

WHICH MEANS THAT
THEY'VE BROUGHT ME
A BRIDE! HA! GOOD!
TELL THEM THAT I
WISH TO SEE HER
IMMEDIATELY!

AS THE GUARD LEAVES, A FAMILIAR
FIGURE ENTERS.



YOU WISHED
MY PRESENCE,
YOUR GREATNESS?

AH! FURLON!
DO COME AND STAND
BESIDE ME. I WANT
YOU TO SEE
SOMETHING!

FURLON TAKES
HIS PLACE JUST
AS A TROLL
GUARD ENTERS
CARRYING...

BEHOLD, FURLON!
MY FUTURE BRIDE!
LOVELY, IS SHE NOT?

AND WHAT
IS THIS LASS'S
NAME, GUARD?

AYE,
YOUR GREATNESS,
LOVELY.

MELANDRA!
I AM MELANDRA,
THE BETROTHED
OF FEIN HARTLEY!

SO!
THE LITTLE
SPITFIRE HAS
A TONGUE OF
HER OWN!

BUT LET ME CORRECT YOU,
SPITFIRE! YOU ARE THE BETROTHED
OF JENWRAL THE MIGHTY! FURTHER-
MORE, ONCE I TURN YOU OVER TO
MY COURT SORCEROR, FURLON, YOU
WILL LIKE ME BETTER! FURLON
HAS WAYS OF ALTERING
ONE'S EGO—VERY
PERMANENT WAYS!
ISN'T THAT
RIGHT, FURLON?
FURLON?

ANSWER ME,
DOWN YOU!
I AM YOUR KING!

UH, OH!
FORGIVE ME, SIRE.
MY MIND... I WAS
ELSEWHERE.

WITH A SNORT OF DISGUST, JENWRAL ORDERS THE GIRL TO BE TAKEN TO FURLON'S QUARTERS.

AS FURLON OPENS HIS MOUTH IN PROTEST, HE FINDS THAT HE CAN UTTER NOTHING.

AS FOR YOU, SORCERER, YOUR BEST KEEP YOUR WANDERING MIND UPON THE BUSINESS AT HAND; UNLESS YOU WISH THE LOSS OF YOUR VOICE AGAIN! ... IN FACT I THINK I SHALL DEPRIVE YOU OF YOUR VOCAL CORDS ... AT LEAST UNTIL YOU'VE COMPLETED YOUR PRESENT TASK TO MY SATISFACTION!

ALTER THAT GIRL'S MIND; I WANT HER DOXILE. MAKE HER ADORE ME! WORSHIP ME! ONLY THEN ONLY WHEN YOU EARN IT WILL YOUR VOICE BE RETURNED!

BUT FURLON... HARDLY HEARS HIS EMPEROR'S FRENZIED ORDERS, SILENT, HE WALKS A LONG SPARSELY-LIT BRICK-LINED CORRIDOR.

MEANWHILE, FEIN HAS FOUND A PASSAGEWAY INTO THE CASTLE.

AT LEAST THE OLD SEWERS OF THE CITY HAVE BEEN PRESERVED, IT USED TO BE GREAT FUN TO EXPLORE THESE TUNNELS IN MY CHILDHOOD DAYS, NOW I NEED THEM TO GET WITHIN THE CASTLE'S DREAD WALLS SO THAT I MAY RESCUE MELANDRA, MY BETROTHED!

THAT GIRL SAID SHE WAS BETROTHED TO FEIN HARTLEY! CAN IT BE? IS MY BROTHER STILL ALIVE THEN? OH SANATOS, I PRAY IT BE SO!

AND MAYHAP IF MY SWORD FIND HIM, SLAY THE INSIDIOUS JENWRAL AND AVENGE THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER, FURLON!

AND WHILE FEIN THINKS ON
HIS LONG LOST BROTHER,
FURLON DWELLS UPON FEIN...

OH, IF ONLY I COULD
SPEAK! THE QUESTIONS
I HAVE TO ASK—THEY RASP
IN MY SILENT THROAT
LIKE THE WOODSMAN'S
SAW! IS FEIN ALIVE?

FURLON!

I THOUGHT I'D SEE HOW
YOU WERE COMING ALONG,
FURLON. AND HOW ARE YOU,
MY PRECIOUS LITTLE
BRIDE?

YOU'RE
STRANGELY SILENT,
SORCEROR! IS IT
GUILT THAT HOLDS YOUR
TONGUE IN ITS
BLASPHEMOUS
GRIP?

I AM
BRIDE TO NO
MONSTER!

MY BROTHER!

MONSTER AM I!
WE'LL SEE... EH?
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
WHO'S THERE?

FEIN!

AND WHAT SORT
OF RABBLE MIGHT
THIS BE WHO DARES
INTERRUPT JENWRAL
AND HIS COURT
SORCERER AT THEIR
WORK?

AT THE SIGHT OF JENWRAL, FEIN'S BLOOD BOILS! FEIN LIFTS HIS SWORD ABOVE HIS HEAD IN READINESS TO STRIKE AT JENWRAL! JENWRAL CONVERS BACK AND FURLON RUSHES AT HIS BROTHER.

DO YOU REMEMBER FEIN HARTLEY, SCUM? DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE HIM WHOSE BROTHER'S BLOOD YOU SPILT AND WHOSE BETROTHED YOU'VE STOLEN? DO YOU NOT SEE YOUR EXECUTIONER?!!

NO, FEIN!

FURLON, FEARING THAT THROUGH JENWRAL'S DEATH HIS VOICE WILL BE LOST FOREVER, LEAPS IN BETWEEN THE TWO ENEMIES ONLY TO RECEIVE THE BLOW INTENDED FOR JENWRAL!

DIE, DESPOT!
EH?!

DON'T KILL...
UH!

BADLY WOUNDED AND BLEEDING UNCONTROLLABLY, FURLON FALLS TO THE FLOOR AS...

LOYAL SERVANTS YOU HAVE, JENWRAL! THAT ONE WOULD DIE IN YOUR PLACE!

BAH!
THINK YOU THAT FEIN HARTLEY CANNOT MAKE SHORT WORK OF A SIMPLE CAT?

BUT FURLON GROANS, FOR THIS IS NO SIMPLE CAT IT IS A CAMELEON-LIKE MONSTER, A BODY-GUARD FASHIONED BY FURLON'S OWN MAGICAL HERBS AND INCANTATIONS!

GREAT SANATOS!

SO WOULD THIS ONE, HARTLEY! KILL HIM, MY PET.

AND IT WRAPS ITSELF ABOUT
FEIN BREATHING, NOT DEATH
INTO HIS FACE!



IT STRIKES, REPLACING FEIN'S
RED BLOOD WITH DEADLY GREEN
VENOM!



THEY BOTH STRIKE, AGAIN
AND AGAIN, BUT ONLY ONE
FALLS INTO THAT BOTTOM-
LESS ABYSS THAT IS DEATH!

HE STRIKES, TEARING INTO THE
CREATURE'S BLACK BLOOD WITH
HIS BROADSWORD BLADE!



NOW,
FOR YOU,
JENWRAL!



NO, HARTLEY! NOW FOR YOU! YOU'RE TIRED OUT FROM THAT BATTLE, YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY DEFEAT ME! WHAT'S MORE, YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T!



NAY, TYRANT! I KNOW THAT NOT!
A CLUMSY EFFORT, HARTLEY!



BUT AS JENNRAL PARRYS THE FLYING SWORD, FEIN LEAPS FOR HIS ENEMY'S THROAT!

I EASILY THRUST ASIDE YOUR THROW THUS... AWP!



FOR A BRUTAL WHILE, THE DUO ROLL ABOUT THE FLOOR IN A FRENZIED STRUGGLE FOR POSSESSION OF JENNRAL'S SWORD!



ABRUPTLY, THE UPPER HAND GOES TO FEIN!

WHUMP!



AND HE USES IT!

ARRRGH!...

AND AT THE MOMENT OF
JENNRAL'S DEATH, FURLON AT
LAST FINDS HIS VOICE!

FEIN!

BUT HIS BROTHER'S NAME IS
THE LAST THING THAT FURLON
WILL EVER UTTER FOR WITH
A GROANING SIGH, THE
SORCEROR FALLS BACK INTO
A POOL OF HIS OWN LIFE'S
BLOOD... DEAD!

BUT HIS CRY
DOES NOT GO
UNNOTICED!

DID YOU HEAR
THAT, MELANDRA? THAT
WAS MY BROTHER FURLON
OR HIS GHOST! YES!
YES! THAT'S IT! IT WAS
HIS GHOST CRYING OUT
HIS PRAISE TO ME
FOR AVENGING HIS
DEATH!

NO THANKS
NECESSARY, FURLON!
NO THANKS
NECESSARY!

IF YOUR BROTHER'S
GHOST EVER REALLY
COMES BACK, I DON'T
THINK YOU'LL GET MUCH
THANKS, FEIN!



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REVENGE HAS, UPON INFREQUENT BUT TERRIFYING OCCASIONS BEEN KNOWN TO EXTEND BEYOND THE GRAVE -- ESPECIALLY IF ONE, IN THE PROCESS OF DEATH, HAS **LOST SOMETHING ASHES**.

THE HEADLESS HAUNTRESS OF SHEPTON PRISON

FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS, SHEPTON MULLET PRISON IN SOMERSET, ENGLAND HAS BEEN HAUNTED BY ETHEREAL, VAMPIRISH, AND GHOSTLY INHABITANTS. GUARDS SPEAK IN HOARSE WHISPERS OF IRREPLICABLE BANGINGS, RAFFLES, AND WHODDIES. BUT OVERSHADOWING THESE IS THE MYSTERIOUS SIGH OF HEAVY BREATHING WHICH REGULARLY BRAMMLES FROM AN UNINHABITED CELL...

EVEN THE ENIGMATIC, NO-NEVER CAN BE EXPLAINED NATIVES OF THE SMALL ENGLISH TOWN STILL SPEAK OF THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO WAS BEHEADED AT THE PRISON IN 1860. SHE HAD OCCUPIED THE CELL WHICH NOW HOUSES THE PRISON'S "HAIRD PRESERVE"...

SINCE THE GULLOTTING, THE YOUNG WOMAN'S GLOWING, HEADLESS GHOST HAS MADE FREQUENT AND FORLORN APPEARANCES IN THE OLD PRISON CELL, CAUSING MANY A DISORIENTED GUARD TO SWEAR HIS SCALDING MIGHTY...
TEA...

SOME PEOPLE HAVE SPECULATED THAT, IN HER MUTILATED CONDITION, SHE IS UNABLE TO PASS ON INTO THE HEREAFTER. OTHERS CLAIM SHE MERELY SEeks REVENGE FOR THE COULDS DEED PERPETRATED UPON HER OVER A CENTURY AGO. BUT BOTH FACTIONS AGREE ON ONE THING: THAT HER OCCUPATED BODY IS SEARCHING FOR HER HEAD...

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